

THE HYGIENIC PIG AND OTHER STORIES

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JANET FIELD HEATH



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THE HYGIENIC PIG

AND OTHER STORIES

BY *(Curtis)*
Mrs. JANET FIELD HEATH
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LUDWIG AND REGINA



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

1931/2

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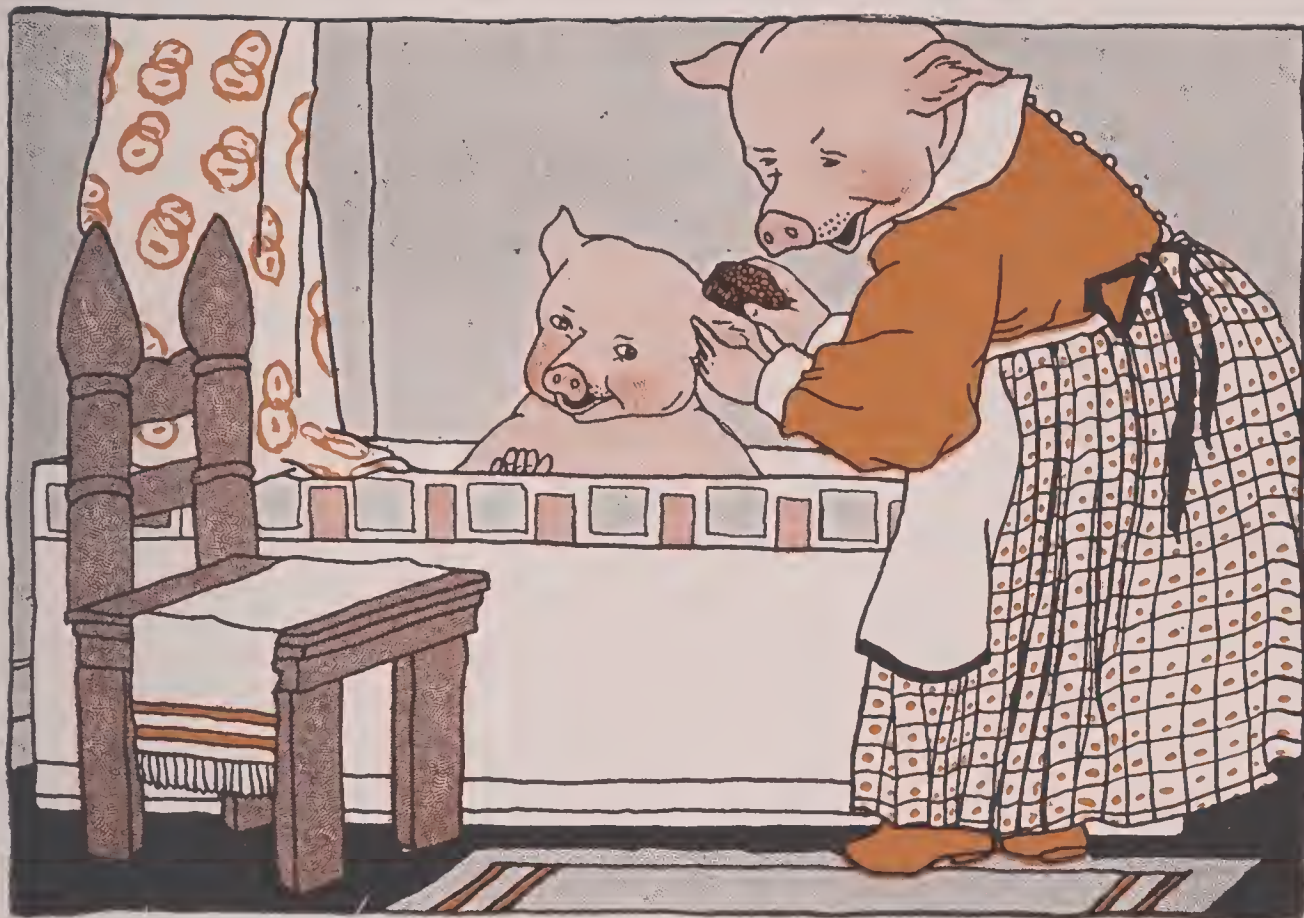
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THE HYGIENIC PIG

Once upon a time there was a little pig. He was so clean and pink that I believe he was the nicest little pig you ever saw.

When Little Pig was just a tiny, wee, baby pig, his Mother said, "This is the nicest baby I have ever had. He is too sweet to grow up in this dirty old pen."

So she took him away and built for him a beautiful little house. It was clean as clean could be. Not a speck of mud was there anywhere. She even made a little flower garden out in front.

“He shall be a hygienic pig,” said his Mother, proudly. So she gave Little Pig a bath every day. She sent him to market each morning to buy big baskets full of spinach and lettuce and apples and other good things to eat.

All went very well for a time. Then one fine spring day, as Little Pig was coming home with his basket, he saw something that made him stop. The farmer had just turned all the other pigs out into the orchard.

What a good time they were having—rolling and tumbling about in the mud, and grunting and squealing at every breath!



Little Pig put down his basket. He came nearer to the orchard. And before he knew it, there *he* was, down in the mud with the rest of the pigs. He rolled about and squealed as loud as any of them.

It was hours before he even thought of his basket again. And when he did, there wasn't much left of it.

The other pigs had eaten the apples and dragged the vegetables all over the ground. They even ate a part of the basket itself.

Little Pig was ashamed to go home. But he was a good, honest little pig, so he picked up what was left of his basket and crept along and went in by the back door.

My, but he was a sight!

His Mother just sat down and cried when she saw him.

Little Pig looked at her sadly.

“It was such fun,” he said.

His Mother stopped crying and began to think.

“I believe it was,” she said. “I used to like it myself. From now on we will go and roll in the mud every day before we take our bath. After all, it is *staying* dirty and putting dirty things inside of you that matters.”

So she washed Little Pig clean and sent him out into the garden to play.

Little Pig was so happy he danced all around the flower beds on his hind legs just like a regular circus pig. And everybody that saw it said, “Oh, isn’t that a dear little house, and isn’t that a *darling* pig!”

And every day Little Pig played in the garden before he had his bath.

A LITTLE PIG TO MARKET WENT

Now one of you may be the Pig,
And one may be his Mother,
And for the good old Market Man
You may choose still another.

A little pig to market went,
To market went, to market went,
A little pig to market went,
Nice little pig.



Oh, he was by his mother sent,
Mother sent, mother sent,
He was by his mother sent,
With a basket big.

“Now what have you that’s nice to-day,
That’s nice to-day, that’s nice to-day,

Say, what have you that's nice to-day?"
This little pig said.

"Everything that's fresh and green,
That's fresh and green, that's fresh and
green,
Everything that's fresh and green,
And apples red."

"Oh, I will have a peck of each,
A peck of each, a peck of each,
Please, I will have a peck of each,"
This pig did say.

And then back home he went again,
He went again, he went again,
And then back home he went again,
Straight away.



BIG BLACK BEAR

Big Black Bear lived in the woods. Truly he was big and he was black! Besides, he was the very crossdest bear in the whole woods.

When he came down the path, plunk-plunk-plunk, all the rabbits and squirrels and opossums and woodchucks scampered away.

Even the birds flew up to the tops of the trees, although they knew very well that bears cannot climb so high.

Big Black Bear always growled in a very dreadful manner. “Woof-woof-woof!” was the way it sounded.

And that did not make the poor little animals feel any better. They ran to their holes whenever they heard him. They were frightened.

Once Big Bear was coming down the path all growly-growly, just as the old screech owl was waking up in her hole. She could not think for a moment what that noise was. So she put her head out of her hole and called, “Who-o, who-o?”

Big Black Bear looked up and said, “Well, if you don’t know *who*, you just come down here and you will find out.”

Of course that didn’t make anybody feel any better.

Now while things were going along so badly, it happened that a little girl came into the woods. She was singing and picking flowers, somewhat like Red Riding Hood, you know. Only here it wasn’t a sly wolf that came out in front of her, but a big, black, cross old bear! And he stood right in her way and said, “Woof, woof!” as loud as he could.

He expected to see the little girl run away. But no, she came right straight up to him.

“Oh, what a nice, big doggie,” she said. “Here doggie, come here, doggie.”

“Woof, woof, woof!” the bear said again,



louder than ever. But the little girl only laughed until her voice sounded like a silver bell through the woods.

She wasn't afraid of Big Black Bear.

"You can't scare me," she said. "I know you don't wish to be mean. Our old dog Ted does that way at home." And she knelt

down and put her soft arms right around that cross old bear's neck.

Big Black Bear tried to growl—oh, how he tried! But somehow he couldn't. And in a moment he just turned around and walked away back into the woods, with his head to the ground, down, down, down.

Something queer had happened to him. He couldn't help thinking how nice it was to meet somebody who wasn't afraid of him. He couldn't help remembering how nice it felt to have the little girl's arms around his neck.

Big Black Bear sat in his cave for several days and thought things over.

One fine morning when Little Brown Hare ran across his path, Big Bear spoke to him in such a soft voice that Brown Hare sat right up on his hind legs and listened. And he did not feel afraid.



“Tell all the animals,” said Big Black Bear, “that they need not be afraid of me any more. I was just fooling all the time. I never want to eat anything but honey and berries and things like that. And I wish to talk to folks and be as friendly as the rest of you.

“You need not all run away because my voice isn’t as sweet as it might be.”

Well, that Brown Hare was certainly surprised! But he travels fast, you know, and it wasn't noon-time before he had told everybody in the woods what the Big Black Bear had said.

"Don't you believe him! Don't you believe him!" shrieked Blue Jay.

Old Owl stuck her head out of her hole and said, "Who-o!" as though she didn't believe a word of it.

But many of the other animals thought differently. So the bravest of them tried it out.

When Big Black Bear came plunk-plunking along each morning, the animals stood a little way off and called, "Good morning! Good morning!"

By and by they came closer and asked if he didn't think the days were getting shorter, or something like that.

When nothing unpleasant at all happened and Big Black Bear looked at them so kindly and talked about the nice honey he was going to have for dinner, the whole woods seemed to lose its fear of him.

Wee robins chirped sweetly from near the very spot where Big Bear was passing.

Little Brown Hare hopped merrily around the Bear's den.

Frisky Squirrel no longer ran up the tree when he saw Big Black Bear coming.

In fact everybody, including the old bear, found the woods a much pleasanter place to live in.

So when the days really did get short and the cold winter fell over the earth, Mr. Big Black Bear went way back in his cave and lay down on his soft, warm bed till spring should come again. That was the way he did every winter.



But this time he left the whole woods outside loving him. And when he put his paw into his mouth and fell asleep, he dreamed that the little girl had come again and put her arms around his neck.

THE ANT THAT CLIMBED A MOUNTAIN

Little Ant was very much dissatisfied. “What is there to see, crawling around here on the ground!” said he. “The same old things day after day. It seems very dull to me.”

“Dear me,” said his Mother, “what is the matter with you? Why cannot you be like the rest of the ants? Go and climb to the top of the ant hill. Maybe you can see something from there.”

“Pooh! the ant hill!” cried the Little Ant. “I have been there before—there is nothing to see from there!”

“Go and climb up a nice grass blade then,” said his Mother. “Only do be careful that a hoptoad or something doesn’t eat you up.”



The Little Ant thought climbing the grass blade might be fun. It was quite hard work, too, for the grass blade swayed and bent in the breeze. But soon he reached the top and looked about. Then he shook his head.

“Same old things,” he said. “Grass and ground-flowers and feet—a robin and a toad.”

And the toad seemed to be looking right at him.

Then with a quick move Little Ant hid himself. "You won't get me, old fellow," he said to the toad.

And the Little Ant scrambled down and went back to the ant hill, more dissatisfied than ever.

"I declare, I don't know what to do with you," cried his poor Mother. "An ant is an ant and that is all there is to it. Do try and be a little more like the rest of us."

But there was an old Grandfather Ant who felt sorry for the Little Ant, and he said: "Why don't you let him climb to the top of that big mountain? Then perhaps he would be satisfied."

"How can you suggest such a thing?" said the Mother. "Why, he would be trampled to pieces and never come back!"

"Well, being dissatisfied is about as bad as being trampled upon," said the Grand-

father Ant, who knew a thing or two.
“Better let him go.”

“Oh, yes, Mother, let me go. I will be ever so careful,” begged the Little Ant.

So with a few tears from his Mother, the Little Ant set out.

There in the distance stood the big mountain. How green and still it looked! Little Ant fairly trembled as he looked at it, but he hurried on till he reached its base.

Then slowly and carefully he began to climb. In between stones and up little paths he went, day after day, through hot and cold, wet and dry places. At last he reached the top of the mountain.

“Oh—oh—oh! How wonderful!” cried the Little Ant. “Here, at last, I shall see the world!”

He was crawling to the edge of the mountain to look down, when he heard a noise

above him and looked up. There on a rock above him sat a Hawk.

“Alas, alas! Is this the end of me? Please do not eat me,” he begged of the Hawk.

The big bird looked down. “Well, well, well! What is a little thing like you doing all the way up here?”

Little Ant told his story.

“Bless me,” said the Hawk. “I really have a heart, you know, though most people think I haven’t. So you want to see the world, do you? Well, you shall. Come right up here under my wing, so the wind can’t blow you away, and I will tell you all about it. I wouldn’t eat a little thing like you.”

Half afraid, Little Ant crept closer. Safe under the Hawk’s big wing he sat wondering.

Then the Hawk started to fly.

Little Ant looked down at the earth.

Such sights to be seen! Big men and women that looked like dolls below. Church steeples that looked like toothpicks, big factories like playhouses, large lakes like little pools.

Birds were flying and flapping—and sky—there was sky everywhere. Such colors, too. Little Ant closed his eyes, so used to the brown earth, then opened them again to look and look. There were greens and blues, pinks and whites, browns and yellows everywhere he turned.

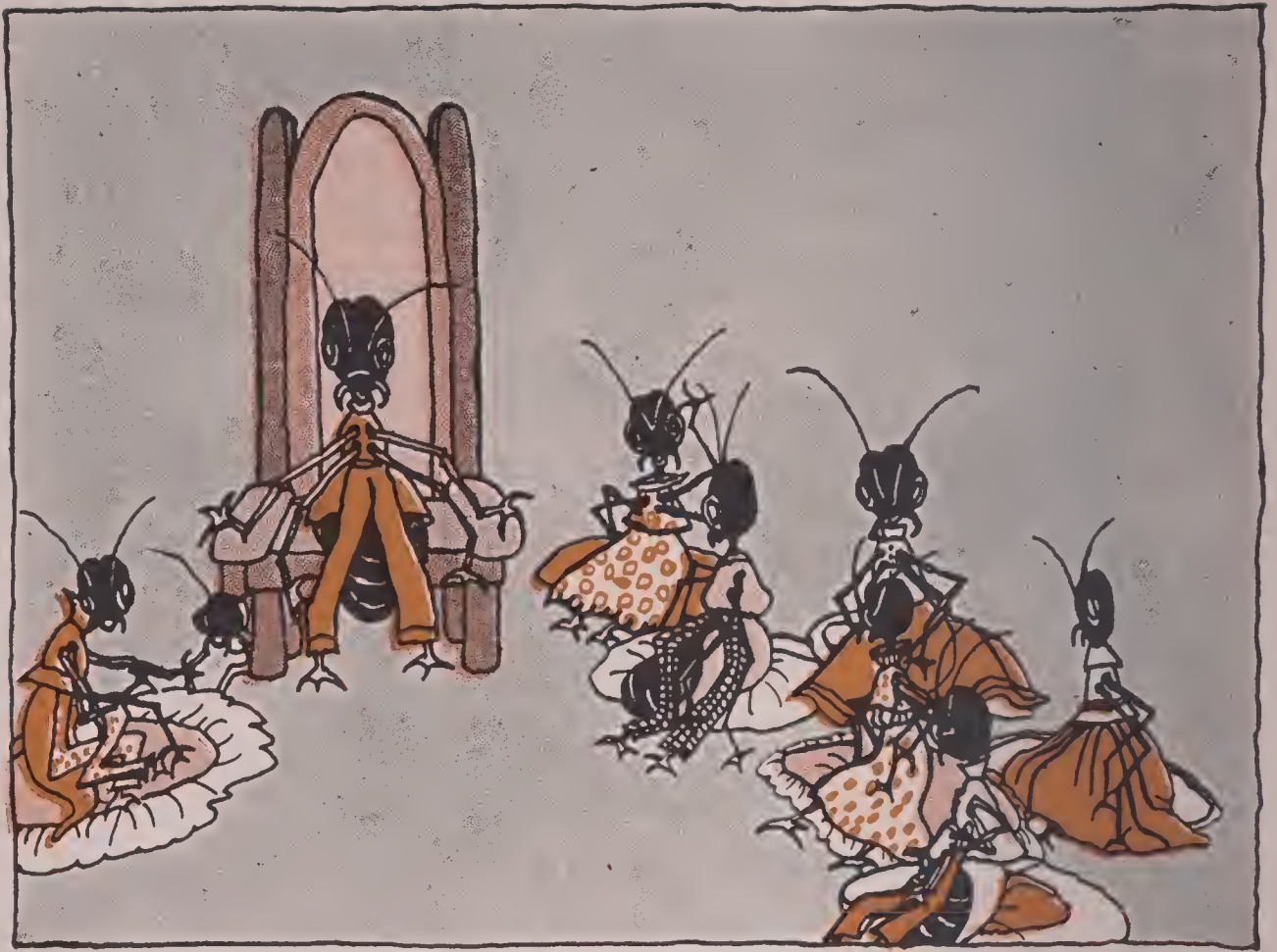
“I shall never forget it!” he said.

“Of course you won’t,” said the Hawk. “It is a wonderful thing to look at, this old world of ours. Now that you have seen it, it is yours forever. Go back home now, before I fly away.”

And back home went Little Ant. So



dazzled was he by all he had seen, it was really a wonder he didn't get stepped upon. But he came safe and sound at last to his own little ant hill.



Then all the other ants gathered around to hear what he had seen. It was hard for mere ants to believe, but what a wonderful tale it was!

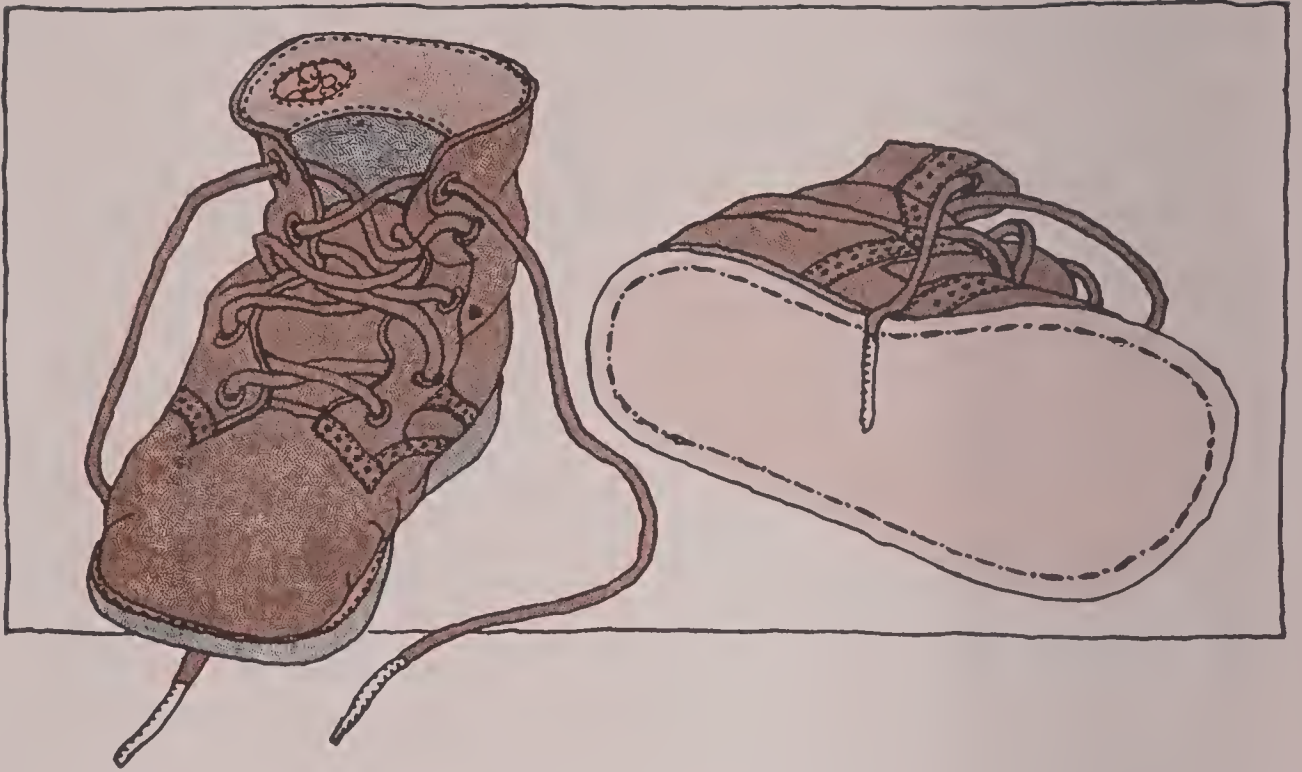
“Now,” said the Mother to Little Ant, “you have seen the world, so get back to your dirt-carrying.”

Little Ant tried and tried to do that. But

every once in a while he would sit down and think of all the things he had seen.

“Let him alone,” said old Grandfather Ant. “An ant hill, like everything else, has to have a dreamer or two. All people have not the same work to do. When we are all tired of dirt, we can come to Little Ant and he will rest us with his tales. Through his eyes we shall all see the world.”

So the Little Ant became the story-teller and this was the biggest and happiest ant hill ever.



THE LITTLE BROWN SHOES

Once upon a time there were two little brown shoes.

Every morning a Little Boy put on the brown shoes and wore them through the whole day. Sometimes the brown shoes were muddy. Then after a time they were rubbed rough at the toes. But they didn't mind that a bit, because they loved the Little Boy very much.



Little Boy loved the brown shoes, too. He liked their nice, strong laces, that went in and out, and their jolly thick soles that went tap, tap, tap, up and down the pavement.

But the Little Boy had a bad habit—he used to run away! Far down the street and around the corner he would go and nobody could find him. It worried his Mother so.

“Oh, Little Boy, Little Boy!” she said to him sadly. “What makes you run away?”

“I don’t know,” said Little Boy. “I think it is my little brown shoes. They go tap, tap, tap, down the street and before I know it, I am running away.”

“Very well,” said his Mother. “I will take off the brown shoes.”

So she drew off the shoes and put them on a high shelf in the closet. On Little Boy’s feet she put a pair of Big Sister’s shoes that sister had outgrown, oh, long, long, ago.

Little Boy didn’t like Big Sister’s shoes. They were white, with shiny black tops. They had buttons, too, that twisted Little Boy’s fingers. And they didn’t go tap, tap, like the little brown shoes.

Little Boy wore them three days and all that time he thought very hard. At last he came to his Mother.



“I don’t believe it was my little brown shoes that go tap, tap, that made me run away,” he said.

“I think it was something inside of me higher up that goes tick, tick. Give me back my little brown shoes and I will make the little clock inside of me tick so slowly that I will not run away.”

His Mother brought the brown shoes out of the closet. Oh, how glad they were to see Little Boy again! They snuggled up close as he laced them, and they didn't mind a bit when he jumped up and down. Little Boy was glad, too, to get them back.

"Come on, little brown shoes," said the Little Boy. "Let us go out and play."

LITTLE BROWN SHOES

Little brown shoes, one and two,
Little brown shoes, what do you do?
We carry a small boy all through the day,
Until he is tired, so tired from play.

Like sentinels brave, we stand by his bed
Till sunbeams tap at the little boy's head,
Then out pop little feet, one and two—
Little brown shoes, now where are you?

THE LOST TRICYCLE

Little Boy was sitting on his Tricycle, all ready for his morning ride.

“Now, Little Boy,” said his Mother, “don’t go far away. Just to the corner, you know. Don’t forget.”

“I won’t,” said Little Boy, as he waved good-by to his Mother and rode off.

“Just to the corner—just to the corner. That’s always the way,” grumbled the Tricycle to itself. “I think she might let us go around the corner just once. I’ve never had so much as a peep around and I’ve been here almost a month.”

When they reached the corner of the street that naughty Tricycle tried to turn the front wheel just enough to slide around! But Little Boy was too good a driver and they went back home again.

“Up and down, up and down. Oh, how I

would like to go around!” sighed the poor little three-wheeler, as Little Boy checked it at the corner.

“Dear me! My Tricycle squeaks!” said Little Boy. “I suppose it needs oiling.”

“Oiling indeed!” thought the Tricycle. “What I need is a change of scene.”

Just then Little Boy thought of something he wanted in the house. He jumped off and ran inside. As he jumped, his foot gave the Tricycle a little push and away it started down the hill alone.

Right to the corner it went, a bit wobbly, but oh, so gaily!

When it reached the corner, oh me, oh my! With a jerk and a slide, it went around and on down the other street.

It was a long street and a down-hill street. Once it got started, away the little Tricycle went! There was no Little Boy’s

hand on the handle-bar now to stop it and let it look at things. There was no Little Boy to say "Whoa!" at the street crossings.

"Oh—oh! That automobile almost caught me!" cried the Tricycle, jumping up the curb at a great rate. "I suppose that is why Little Boy's Mother says, 'Just to the corner.' "

On went the Tricycle, faster and faster.

Oh, what was that just in front of it? Water! It was the pond.

"Mercy me, I'm going in!" thought the poor Tricycle. But no! The front wheel turned on a big stone and away went the Tricycle, down a side street this time, as fast as ever.

"I suppose that's another reason why Little Boy's Mother says, 'Just to the corner.' Oh, how I wish I were safe at home! Will nothing ever stop me?"

The poor Tricycle was hurrying so fast that it did not see an Express Wagon that was standing in the middle of the sidewalk. Bang! The Tricycle bumped right into the Express Wagon.

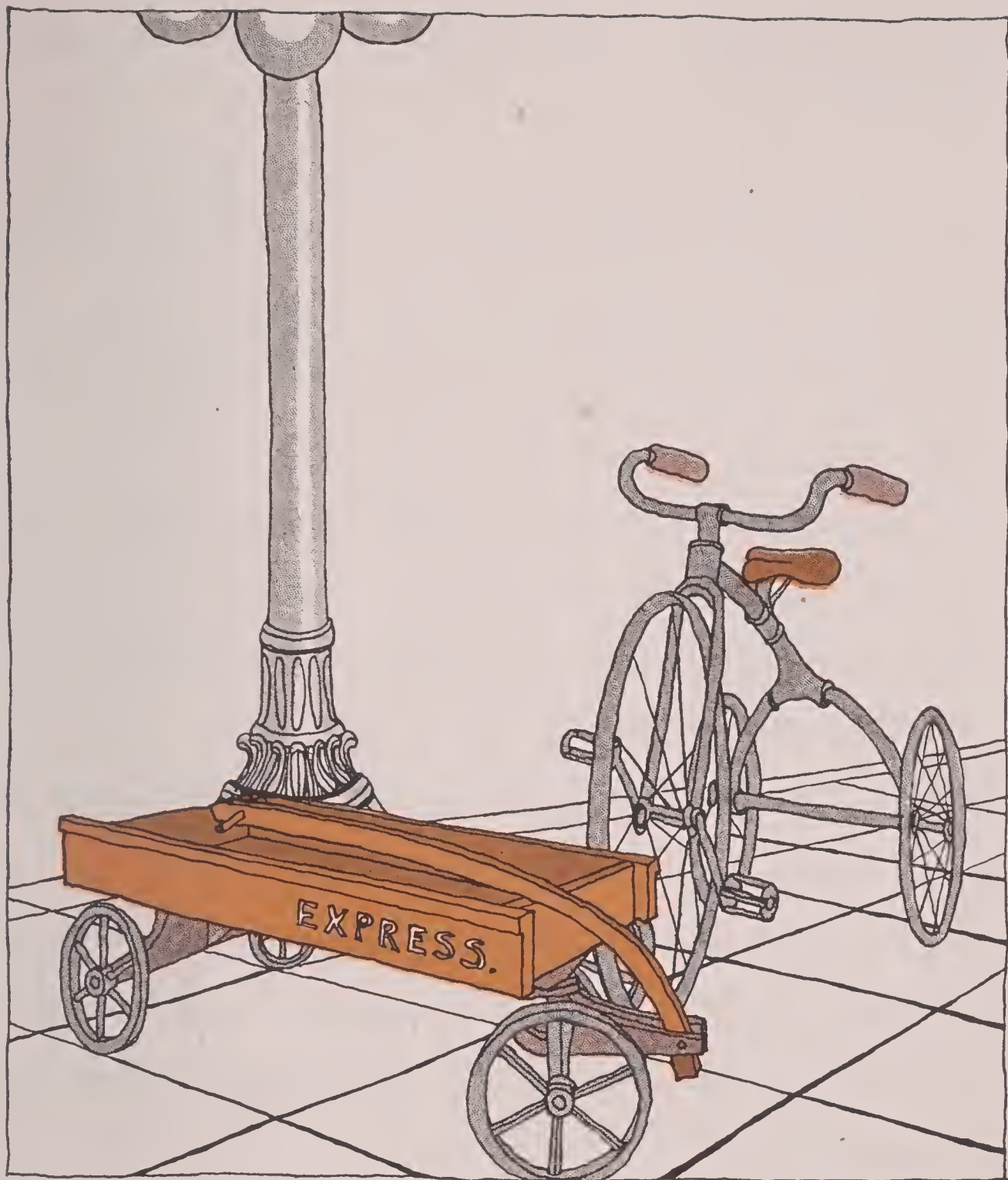
“Why don’t you look where you’re going?” cried the Wagon.

“Why don’t you keep off the sidewalk?” asked the Tricycle.

They looked at each other crossly for a minute. Then the Tricycle said humbly, “Well, I suppose I ought really to thank you for stopping me.” And then it told the Wagon all about how it came to be there.

“What! Never been off your own street before?” exclaimed the Express Wagon. “Why, I’ve been to market and everywhere.”

“Well, I tell you,” said the Tricycle to its new friend, “whenever I go again, I want



Little Boy to be right with me. Oh dear!
It's beginning to rain and I've never been

wet in my life. Little Boy takes such good care of me.”

“You ought to be thankful for that,” sighed the Express Wagon. “My Little Boy never thinks of putting me away. He always leaves that for his Mother to do. See! Here she is now. I told you so.”

Just then a gentle Little Lady came to take the Express Wagon in out of the rain. When she saw the Tricycle, she looked up and down the street for a Little Boy. Then she rang the doorbells on both sides of her own home.

But no one had lost a Tricycle, so she took the pretty three-wheeler up on her porch. And there it stayed all afternoon and all that night.

“I shall never see my Little Boy again!” thought the lonely little Tricycle.

But the next afternoon in the newspaper

were printed two notices about the Tricycle.

One said "*Lost*—A Tricycle. Rubber tires. Quite new."

The other said: "*Found*—A small Tricycle. Rubber tires. Quite new."

So it happened that the Little Boy who owned the Tricycle and his Mother met the Little Boy who owned the Express Wagon and his Mother.

In a minute everybody was laughing and trying to explain how it happened.

And the first Little Boy got on his Tricycle and rode it home. And as he rode he patted it lovingly and said, "Guess it did this Tricycle good to run away. It doesn't squeak any more."



THE FIELD MOUSE'S ADVENTURE

“O-oh—how cold it is!” cried a Little Field Mouse one morning late in autumn. “The corn is all cut down and the wind is so cold. I must find a good, warm home for the winter.”

She scampered across the field and looked about with her bright eyes. All at once she saw something that made her stop in fright.



“What a big bird—oh, what a dreadful, big bird!” she cried. “How still he sits! I must hide quickly, or he will eat me!”

She looked all around for a hiding place.

The only hole she saw was beneath an apple tree. Carefully the Little Field Mouse crept into it and looked out at the terrible monster sitting at the edge of the field. But not a move did the big bird make.

At length, tired with watching, the tiny Mouse crept farther down into the hole and fell asleep.

Now, if you had been there, you would have known what the Field Mouse did not know. The big bird at the edge of the field was not a bird at all, but an airship which had been left there for just a short time.

And the nice, safe hole into which mousie had crawled was a pocket in the coat of one of the drivers of the airship.

Soon after the Field Mouse fell asleep the air-men returned. One of them picked up the coat and put it on. Then across the field they went to the airship.

There was a whirr—whirr—whir-r-ing sound and a leap, leap, leap, and then a sudden rush of air!

The Little Field Mouse awoke with a start. Although the pocket was so soft and

warm and safe, her tiny heart was going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.

“Dear me, how queer I feel!” she sighed. She stirred about and peeped out. Nothing did she see that looked like a cornfield. But close, oh, so close, was a big, brown hand.

Tremblingly Miss Mousie crept back into the pocket. What could be the matter? Here she was in the same nice hole, yet she felt as though the cat were chasing her.

Oh!—now she felt as if she were falling from the tallest cornstalk that ever grew.

Poor Little Mouse!

The airship was safe again on the ground, but about fifty miles away from the cornfield. The men, walking into a house, once more threw off their coats.

There was a sound of voices and a smell of good things to eat. Then all was still. The men had gone to their dinner.



Little Field Mouse crept up and peered about. Not a person anywhere, not a cat or a dog. At last she was safe.

Cautiously she crept forth and ran straight to the darkest corner of the sweet, warm room.

“What a time I have had!” she sighed. “But I have found a good home and one thing I know—next time I fall asleep, I shall be sure I am safe in my own little bed.”

SQUEAK!

“Squeak!” cried a little mouse. “Dear!
dear! dear!

The cornfield is frozen, winter is here:
Fare is so scanty, not a seed can I see,
And no one opens a door to me.

“Nobody wants me in her lap,
The shelves are full, but I’m afraid of
traps.

Everybody shakes me from his shoe!
What, oh what can a poor mouse do?

“Squeak! I am as sad as sad can be,
Won’t some kind child find a home for
me—

Just a dark corner where I may stay
Till Spring brings mousie a nice, warm
day?”

THE BIRD THAT FORGOT TO SING

This is the story of a Little Bird that had a beautiful voice.

Whenever he sang the Flowers stood on tiptoe and swayed in delight. The Bees forgot to be quite so busy.

The Noisy Wind changed his whistling to listening. Even the good Old Sun sent out a broader smile.

Of course the Little Bird didn't know all this. He sang just because the world was so beautiful and he was so happy.

By and by there came a time when the world did not seem so beautiful to the Little Bird. The Flowers were putting their seed stores away for the winter and they became brown and dry.

The Trees shook off their leaves and dull grey clouds filled the sky.



The Little Bird, cold and unhappy, seemed to have all he could do to find food and shelter.

As he sat so in his evergreen tree one day, the Wind came sailing by.

“What is the matter with you?” the Wind said, scolding. “Why don’t you sing?”

“Sing!” exclaimed the Little Bird. “How can I sing? Everything is so sad. What is the matter with everything?”

“They are all waiting to hear you sing,” said the Wind.

“Me!” piped the bird. “A little thing like me! What difference does it make whether I sing or not?”

“It makes a great deal of difference,” laughed the Wind. “Try it and see.”

The Little Bird raised his head. He flapped his wings and sent out a faint trill—then another and another, until finally there floated out on the air his old, lovely song.

And would you believe it, the Wind stopped his scolding and became oh, so quiet! Then the Sun shone brightly, and up from the frozen ground a little Yellow



Dandelion raised his head on its long stem.

The Little Bird felt ashamed of himself.

“I am very small,” he said. “But I can sing and make myself a cheerful thing.”

A Little Child can do even more.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN

In a country far away there lived an Old Fisherman. He had silver-gray hair and kind, brown eyes. His face had many wrinkles in it. Everybody loved this old man, still nobody knew his name.

“Here comes the Little Old Man,” the children would cry, as they ran to meet him. And always the Old Fisherman would say, “How would you like a little present to-day?”

Then he would take from his pocket curious objects that he had drawn from the river, or made in his own little hut during the long evenings. And the children would dance about him and say, “Look what the Little Old Man gave me—and me—and me!”

Sometimes it would be a poor person who would meet him instead of the children.

Then the Fisherman would draw something from his basket.

“How would you like a little fish to-day?” he would whisper.

The dogs learned to know him, too. If he saw one that was hungry and homeless he would always take it home with him. There he would pet it with his rough hands, saying, “How would you like a little bone to-day?”

Even the birds knew about the Little Old Man. Every morning before he went to work he scattered oats and crumbs for them. And during his long walks in the woods, he would always follow their cries and help them out of their troubles.

“Have a Little Old Man for a friend,” he would say to them.

By and by the old King of that country died. After a time the people decided to



have a great festival and choose a new King.

Even the children were gay and happy, planning for the great event.

“You will come, Little Old Man,” they cried. “You will come, too, won’t you?”

“Oh, no,” said the Little Old Man, smiling at them. “I have no good clothes to wear. I would not look well at a festival.”

The children had not thought of that. They knew that their parents were planning wonderful new costumes for the great occasion. Many of the children were to have new suits or dresses, too. But the Little Old Man had nothing new to wear and could not go to the festival.

The children felt very sad. They drew together in groups and talked about it. Then they ran home and came back to talk together again.

“I will bring a fine white shirt,” whispered one.

“I will bring a pair of silk trousers,” said another.

“And I,” said a third, “will bring a purple coat!”

When the rest of the children heard that, they clapped their hands and danced for glee.

Now the brown wrens had heard the children talking. Soon they learned what it was about. Then they flew to the woods and told all the other birds. The Little Old Man could not go to the festival because he had nothing fine to wear!

Oh, what a chattering there was! And presently, from far and near, the birds came bringing their treasures—nuts and berries, crystals and stones, tassels of wood and silken threads.

For days they worked and cleaned and polished. And then, when all was ready, the blue jays and the woodpeckers, who really had never been friendly before, got together and strung the birds' offerings on long reeds and grasses.

They made a necklace that was wonderful to behold.

The day of the festival came at last.

Early in the morning the Little Old Man, on his way to mend his nets, saw the people making their preparations.

"It would be very nice to go," he said a bit wistfully, as he came back for his humble breakfast. "But I must be content to sit at my door and watch the crowds go by."

He entered his little house—then started back in surprise. There on his cot lay a pair of crimson trousers and a fine white

shirt, a purple coat and a long, queer chain!

“Bless them, bless them!” said the Little Old Man, with tears in his eyes, for of course he knew at once who had done this for him.

He bathed in soft rain water and brushed and combed his gray hair. Then he put on all the fine things and went to the festival.

It was late when he got there and things had not been going very well. Although it was a perfectly beautiful festival, there had been much quarreling about who should be chosen King. The children alone were gloriously happy. They went about dancing and singing.

When they saw the Little Old Man coming, they all clapped their hands and ran to meet him. The older people all stopped to see what it was the children were so happy about.

There stood the Little Old Man! His silver-gray hair gleamed in the sunlight. His purple coat and crimson trousers fitted as though they had been made for him. Around his neck lay the curious but beautiful chain. And his face wore a kindly smile.

The people gave a great shout.

“There he is! There is our King!” they cried and they all ran and threw themselves at his feet.

But the Little Old Man shook his head.

“Oh, no,” he said. “I am not a King. I am only a poor Fisherman. I do not know anything about a King’s work.”

But the people would not listen.

“A King’s work and a Fisherman’s are quite alike,” they said. “Both take a lot of patience.”

“But I do not know anything about your

laws,” persisted the Old Man kindly. “The only law I know anything about is just plain loving.”

“Loving is the highest law there is,” cried the people, and they all danced around him and would not let him go.

So the Little Old Man became King and he was the best King that country had ever had.

“We did it! We did it!” said the children. “It was the purple coat and the crimson trousers.”

“We did it! We did it!” sang the birds. “It was the beautiful necklace that made him King.”

“Foolish things!” said the wise old owl. “Nobody can make man King but man himself.”



POLLY'S BIRTHDAY ROSES

Polly's birthday was the sixteenth of April, just when the air was beginning to smell of spring.

This year the sixteenth came on Saturday and Polly was to have a party.

So that morning she flew around helping Mother dust and place bunches of pussy willows about the room. Then she hunted out the merriest of the march tunes to be played on the piano in the afternoon.

Little Peter swept the porches and promised to get dressed all by himself, so that Mother could help with the birthday supper.

At last it came time for Polly to put on her party dress and run gaily downstairs. Her little guests came trooping in and Polly was surprised at all the pretty things which they brought her. Handkerchiefs and books, ribbons and games, and candy.

But the thing that pleased her most was the beautiful white basket of pink roses which Bobby brought. If there was anything that Polly loved it was flowers, and she thought these the most beautiful roses she had ever seen.



That night after all the fun and the birthday supper were over, the little basket of roses was placed on a table in Polly's bedroom.

And Polly fell asleep, still thinking of the pretty flowers and their sweet perfume, and how she loved them.

All of a sudden Polly heard some one say, "Here she is!"

She wondered who it could be. Then a hundred little voices all around her were saying, "Here she is!"

And as many little fairy forms were dancing all over her bed.

Then one of the fairies leaned toward her and said, "Polly, you love flowers, and you love fairies. We want you with us always, but we can't take a human into Fairyland, so we are going to change you into a flower. Then you can grow close beside us, and we shall all be happy together."

"Oh, make me a pink rose!" cried Polly. The fairies clapped their hands.

"We will! We will!" they cried.

"Oh, but I couldn't go and leave Mother and all the rest," said Polly, sadly. "Oh dear fairies, please take them, too."

“All right,” the fairies said. “After all, they all believe in fairies, too, don’t they?”

“Oh, yes,” said Polly eagerly. “And please make Mother into a rose, and plant her close beside me.”

“We will,” the fairies declared. “She shall be a lovely white rose! And we will make your Daddy a blue larkspur because he’s so brave and true. And Peter—oh, what shall we make Peter?”

“I know what to make Baby Brother,” said Polly. “A dandelion!”

The fairies laughed and agreed so good-naturedly that Polly grew very bold indeed.

“Dear fairies,” she said wistfully, “couldn’t I bring Jane?”

Jane was Polly’s seat-mate at school and Polly loved her dearly.

To her surprise the fairies only looked at her sadly.



“I am afraid,” said one at last, “that we couldn’t turn Jane into a flower. She’s not a very neat child. She doesn’t keep her hands clean and her things are never in order. No, we couldn’t change Jane into a flower. She will have to be—”

“A weed,” cried several of the fairies together. “Just a weed!”

The tears sprang to Polly’s eyes.

“Oh, poor Jane!” she cried.

She put up her hands to wipe away the tears. And when she opened her eyes again, the fairies were all gone.

“They were so sweet,” she said. “I must have driven them away by crying. I remember now that fairies can’t bear to see anyone cry. Perhaps if I am very good, they will come back some time. And I will tell Jane so she can start being good right away.”

She did tell Jane the very next day, but naughty Jane only laughed at her.

“Why, Polly,” she cried, “that is perfectly silly!”

But Polly noticed that at recess Jane slipped away and washed her hands. And her fingers that afternoon were as neat as could be.

“Just the same,” thought little Polly, “I guess Jane doesn’t want to be a weed.”



BOBBY AND THE COMING-HOME TRAIN

Bobby was going to the circus. He was going to see the elephants and the Indians and all the rest of the wonderful things that he had heard the other children talk about.

“It will be a party just for you and me this time, Bobby,” said Aunt Margaret. “We will go together and have a good time.”

“And not Mother?” asked Bobby, looking up.

“I have so much sewing to do.” His Mother smiled at him. “It will be an all-day trip you know. You will have to ride on a train, Bobby, all the way to the big city.”

“On a real choo-choo car?” Bobby began to think it was going to be a party. He had never ridden on a train, but he had often watched one creep over the hill just beyond his home.

Sometimes, when they were out riding in their automobile, his Father would stop at the crossings to let the big cars go by.

Bobby had not realized how big these cars really were until he started off for the circus, with Aunt Margaret.

When the engine came roaring into the station like a great giant, he felt afraid. But when they were safely on the train and

Bobby was sitting on the wide, comfortable seat, looking out of the window, he began to enjoy it all very much.

How the trees and houses went hopping by!

And what a nice song the old engine puffed out as it went along. It seemed to Bobby to say:

“Choo—choo—choo-choo, choo—choo,
Here I come, little boy for you!
I’ll ride you fast, I’ll ride you far,
All in my nice choo-choo car.”

It didn’t seem long to Bobby before they were in the big city and at the circus, watching the clowns and the trick riders and the animals.

There was so much to see! Bobby just kept his eyes on the big stage. He was afraid he would miss some of the fun.



But he was only six years old and little boys six years old get tired, you know. So, before the great show was ended, Bobby's eyes began to droop.

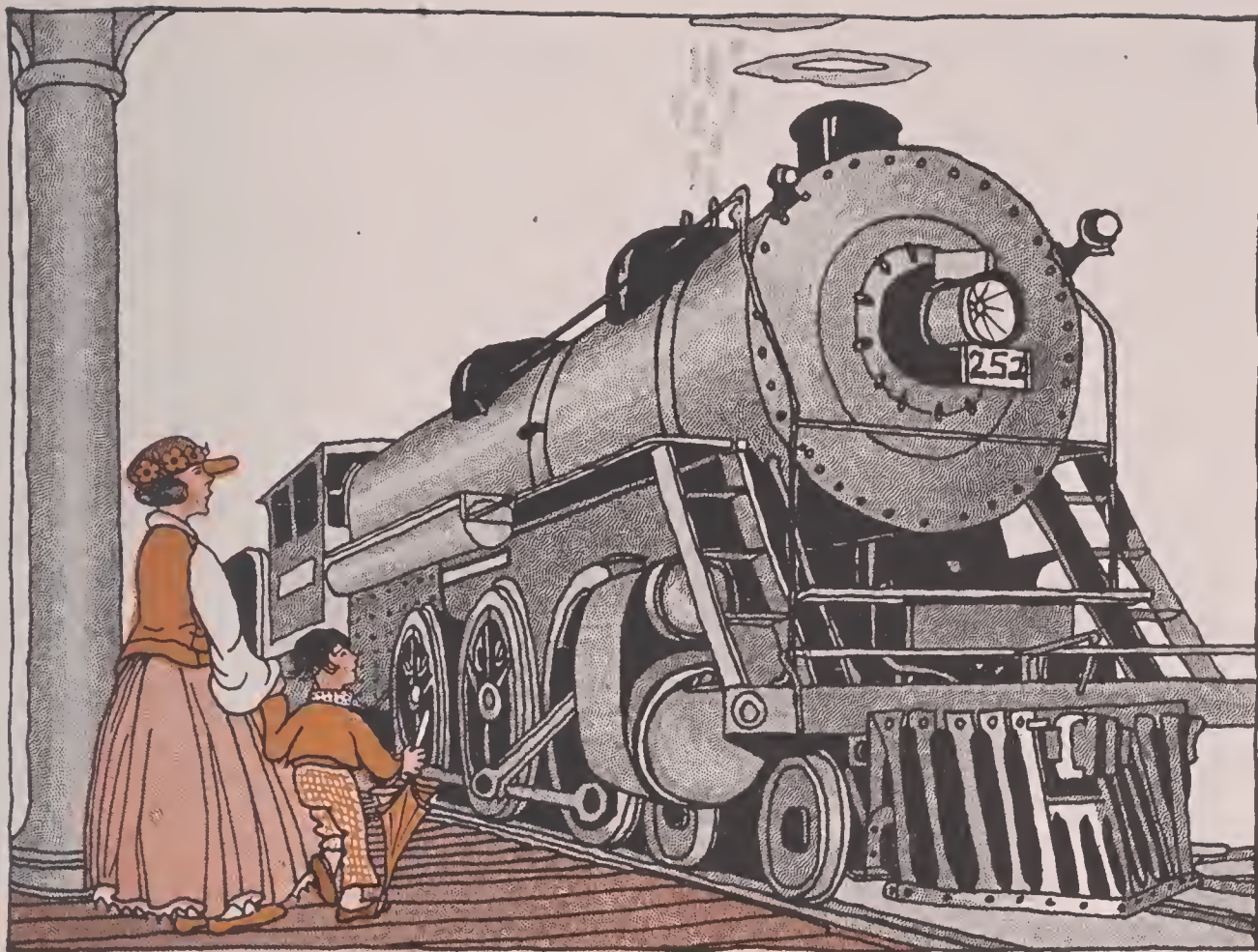
The next thing he remembered was Aunt Margaret shaking him and saying, "Wake up, Bobby dear, you've had a nice nap, but it is time now to go home."

Bobby opened his eyes. There was a great crowd of people about him, all trying to get out and go home. The little boy held close to Aunt Margaret until they were out on the street again.

It was beginning to get dark. Bobby felt lonely and far away from home. He wished his Mother had come along.

"I—I hope the train won't go without us," he said.

"Oh, it won't, Bobby. It will be there waiting for us," Aunt Margaret told him.



And sure enough it was waiting, with the engine puffing and the cars all brightly lighted.

“The coming-home train!” Bobby cried.

Bobby was glad to see it. He was glad when it began to pull away. He knew it was going to take him straight home to his Mother. It seemed to say to him now:

“Choo-choo, choo-choo, choo-choo,
Here I come again for you!
No matter where, little boy, you roam,
The choo-choo train will bring you home.”

When they arrived at their own little town, there was Bobby's Mother waiting for them.

“Did you have a fine time?” asked his Mother, hugging him close. “And did you like it all? Did you like the train?”

“Yes!” said Bobby. “Oh, yes, I did. But I liked the Coming-Home Train the best.”



THE LOST SONG

A Little Song fell out of a cloud at evening time. It was a low, simple little song, but very sweet, for it was filled with all the beauty of the sunset.

Now, as it floated through the air, the Little Song felt frightened.

“I hope some one will catch me and love

me," it thought. "I hope I shall soon find a home."

But the town into which the Song fell was a very busy one. All night the bright lights flashed, people shouted, automobiles rushed by.

Then in the daytime the noise of work drowned out the Little Song.

Hour after hour it floated softly by and no one heard it except a Sparrow that sat on the edge of a roof nearby.

"How beautiful you are," said the Sparrow. "I wish I had a voice so that I could follow you. But I have a pair of strong wings. Will you come away with me?"

He took the Song to the country-side. There in a daisy field stood a Little Boy. When the Little Boy heard the Song he smiled and held out his arms, and the Little Song crept straight into his heart.



Presently the Little Boy began to sing. Back into the town he ran, singing through the streets—singing, singing, singing the Little Song.

Up in an attic, poor and weary, an old musician was sitting alone and sad. Then he heard the child in the street below, singing the Little Song.

“Dear Heaven, how beautiful!” cried the old man. He listened for a long while and then went to his piano and played the Song.

“At last, after all these years, I have caught it,” he said. “It is the most beautiful Song that anyone has ever heard.”

Through many days and nights he played it. And all the people said, “Listen! it is the Song that has made him great.”

Years after, when the old musician had died, some singers sang his Song before a King and Queen. Many, many people listened. And what they heard was the Little Song lost from the cloud.

Suddenly all their voices were raised in a great chorus. Louder and louder it grew. Up into the sunset sky it rose, until there was only an echo.

The Little Song had found its way back home.



PEGGY AND THE LOLLIPOP MAN

Little Peggy looked anxiously at the table to see what she was going to have for supper. She was tired and hungry from her long walk from school.

All the way home she had been thinking what she would like to have for supper. She wanted some fine wheat bread and jelly, a bit of chicken and a big piece of frosted

cake. Not the brown bread and milk and baked apple that she often had.

Peggy looked at the table. Oh, there it was, the brown bread and milk again! Tears sprang to the little girl's eyes.

When her Mother came in, Peggy was sitting at her place with a dreadful frown on her face. She was crumbling the brown bread that she did not like into bits.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked her Mother.

"I hate this brown bread," cried Peggy, breaking into sobs. "I don't see why I can't have nice things for supper, like other children do."

"My dear child, rich food is not good for you, and I couldn't buy it for you if it were," said her Mother.

"I can't eat brown bread. I won't eat it!" cried Peggy.

Then she ran upstairs and threw herself on her little bed.

“I can’t, I can’t,” she cried again, burying her little nose in the pillows.

“Can’t what?” said a voice. It was a happy little voice and Peggy heard it.

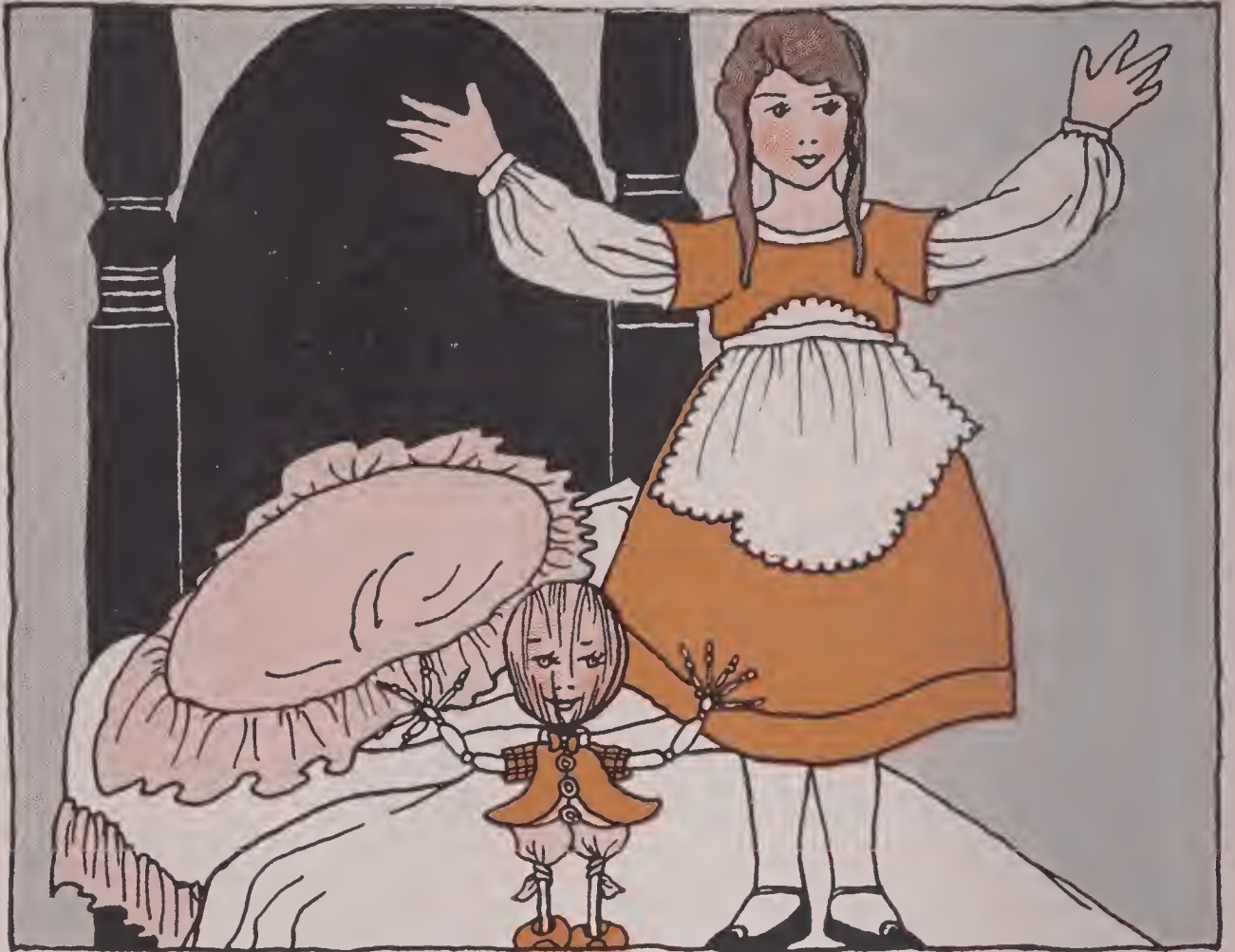
She drew her head out from the pillows and looked around. Her eyes burned from crying, but surely she saw a tiny figure standing on the edge of her bed.

Peggy turned over to look at him and then she suddenly laughed aloud.

Why, he looked just like a nice, big lollipop! His arms were strangely jointed and his eyes twinkled out from the lollipop head. But they looked kind as the Little Man said again:

“Can’t what?”

“Oh,” said Peggy, “I can’t eat brown bread.”



“Then what do you do it for?” asked the Little Man.

“There is never anything else to eat,” replied Peggy, sorrowfully.

“Nonsense!” laughed the Lollipop Man. “Why, in Sweetmore Land where I live we never have the horrid stuff. We have much better things to eat.

“Why don’t you come and see how you would like it there?”

“Dear me, I wish I could,” said Peggy, sitting up in bed. “But my Mother wouldn’t let me. It must be very far away, isn’t it?”

“Far away! not at all!” laughed the Lollipop Man. “Why, you can get there in a twinkling. Just raise your arms like this and say:

‘Twinklety, twinklety-eye,
To Sweetmore Land let me fly.’ ”

“Oh, I believe I will try it!” cried Peggy. “Will you come too, Sir—Sir Lollipop?”

“To be sure, I was just going,” said the Little Man.

So together they raised their arms and repeated the magic rhyme.

Peggy felt a light fluttering and the bed seemed to slip away from her. She seemed

to be moving along quickly, now high, now low, with the Little Man close beside her.

Presently she felt herself going down rapidly and the Lollipop Man said, "We're there."

Peggy put down her arms and looked about her. Such a queer, but jolly little country! The air was heavy, like the air of spring-time when it is fragrant with blossoms. And there were a great many tiny people about.

"Come on, Peggy," said the Lollipop Man. "Let us go to Angel Cake Hill first—you will like that."

Peggy hurried after him and soon they came to a beautiful, snowy mountain. Doing as the Lollipop Man had done, she broke off a large piece of cake and ate it.

"My, how good!" exclaimed the Little Girl. "But doesn't it get eaten away?"



“Well,” said the Lollipop Man politely, “we don’t take such big mouthfuls, but you are company. Perhaps you’d like to visit Fudge Knob. We will find a crowd of people there, you may be sure.”

Peggy clapped her hands. She did like chocolate candy. And all the little folks at Fudge Knob were interested in her story.



The Lollipop Man and the other new friends in this queer place all sat around and listened with wide open eyes.

Then they brought her all kinds of sweet things, until the Little Girl felt that she was having a most delightful time.

After a while, however, she felt that for once she had had quite enough goodies.

She slipped away by herself and lay down under a caramel tree a short distance away.

There was a strange feeling in her stomach. Somehow it was a feeling that she had had too much to eat, and yet hadn't had anything at all.

"Why," she said out loud, "this is queer. I don't understand it at all. But I believe I do want just a piece of good old brown bread."

"What!" said somebody. "What!"

Peggy looked behind her. The plain Little Man who stood there would have surprised her once, but now she only smiled at him in a friendly way.

"Don't tell anyone that I am here," she said. "I can't go back and eat any more of what they would give me. It is very interesting, but I am tired of all their sweet things and I do believe I want to go home."

"That is the best way to *get* home, then," said the plain Little Man kindly. "Just by

being tired of it. All you have to do, you know, is to say:

‘Diverty, diverty, dome,
I’m tired of this and I want to go home.’ ”

“Oh, thank you very much!” said Peggy.
“Do say good-by to all of them and tell them I wanted to see my Mother.”

She raised her arms above her head and repeated the magic words:

“Diverty, diverty, dome,
I’m tired of this and I want to go home.”

Before she knew it she was off and away out of the Little Man’s sight.

“My dear,” said Peggy’s Mother, “I think you would better wake up and eat something and then go to bed properly.”

Peggy looked up to see her Mother standing beside her bed.

“Oh, Mother,” she said. “I got here quickly, didn’t I?”

“Got here? What do you mean?” said her Mother.

Peggy laughed.

“It’s very funny,” she said. “Wait until I eat a piece of brown bread and I will tell you all about it.”



FAR-AWAY AND LONG-AGO

A Boy was walking along the road. He met many people, for the road was long and he walked far.

“Where are you going?” some of them asked.

“I am going to find the Land of Far-Away,” he answered. “I have heard about it a great many times and I think it must be a wonderful place.”

“Well, perhaps so,” said the People. “We are too busy to go and see. We wish you luck, Boy.”

“Thank you,” said the Boy politely, and trudged on his way.

A short distance ahead, the Boy saw Another Boy walking along the road. He ran to overtake him.

“Where are you going?” he asked this new Friend.

“I am going to find the Land of Long-Ago. I have read about it in my story books. It must be a fine place.”

“That is strange,” laughed the First Boy. “I am hunting for the Land of Far-Away. Long-Ago is near it somewhere, I am sure, for don’t you remember, the books always say, ‘Long, Long Ago in a Land Far Away’? Suppose we travel together.”

“With pleasure,” answered the Second Boy. So on they went.

They traveled many a mile. Sometimes they walked and sometimes they ran. Sometimes they laughed and sang. And to every one they met they would say, “Please, is this the Land of Far-Away and Long-Ago?”

But the People always said, “Oh, no, indeed!”

Just as the sun was going down, the boys



came to the edge of the great, wide sea.

“Oh, look! How wonderful!” they cried.
“This surely is it!”

“Don’t you remember there were always ships and fishermen’s houses?” said one.

“And great homes on a hill,” said his companion, pointing just beyond them.



“I am hungry,” said the First Boy.

“So am I, and tired, too,” said the other.
“Let us go to the nearest house and rest.”

They knocked at the door. A kind-faced woman opened it. She smiled when she saw the children.

“Come in,” she said. “Supper is just ready.”

“What are you going to have?” asked the boys.

“Hot soup,” said the woman. “And bread and butter and baked apples.”

“And may we sleep here too?” they asked.

“Yes, indeed! Right in here with my little boys and girls.”

The two boys looked at the little white beds. They looked at the kind-faced woman. And they looked at the supper on the table.

“Why!” they cried together. “Isn’t that queer! Far-Away and Long-Ago are just like Here and Now!”

FAR-AWAY AND LONG-AGO

Oh, Far-Away and Long-Ago

Are wonderful, you know,

When you sit in your little bed

And think about them so.

The pictures in your story books

Look out so gay and fair.

“Oh, deary me,” you cry, “I wish
That I lived ‘then and there.’ ”

But when your mother dear comes in
To hug and kiss you twice
And tuck you in, you say, “Well, Here
And Now are pretty nice.”



THE BEST GIFT

“Mother,” said Peter, crossly, “I wish you would make Baby Brother be good. How can I build this bridge, when he is pulling away my blocks all the time?”

Peter turned to look at his Mother.

“I don’t see how you can,” said his

Mother, as she smoothed out the stockings she had been mending.

“Well, then, please make him be good.”

“I will try to,” said Mother, smiling. “It just reminds me, though, of a story about a King. Perhaps you would like to hear it.”

“Oh, yes,” said Peter, who was always ready to hear a story.

He came closer and Mother began:

THE STORY OF THE BEST GIFT

Once upon a time there was a great King. He was a very good King, but the people over whom he ruled were not always good. Although the King had wonderful schools and churches built for them and beautiful parks made for their pleasure, the people often did wicked things.

At last the King called his three sons to him.

“My sons,” he said, “I am getting old. I wish before I die to see my people become good and loving and kind to each other.

“I have, therefore, taken the wealth of half my kingdom and put it into these three purses. Take you each one, and go and seek in far-away countries and the magic lands of the East for some gift that may help my misguided people.”

The young princes, who dearly loved their father, took the purses. Falling upon their knees, they promised to do as he asked.

At the end of a year they returned, each bearing a gift that was to work a wonder for the old King.

The Eldest spoke first.

“My father,” he said, “I have brought you a magic stick. Bring to me our most wicked subject and I will show you how, with a few strokes, it can beat him into



obedience. The king from whom I bought it did not wish to let go of it. For, as he said, his subjects were so afraid of the stick they were obedient to his every law.”

The old King smiled, but he shook his head.

“Oh, my son,” he said, “it is indeed a mighty weapon. But fear cannot change the *hearts* of men.”

Then the Second Son stepped forward,



and from its wrappings of purple velvet he drew a book.

“I have brought, dear father, the most marvelous book ever given to humans. Within its pages are written secrets of untold wealth, of good health and glowing fame.”

He laid the beautiful volume in his

father's hands. But the King closed it sadly.

“My son,” said the King, “I am an old man. Often have I seen riches and youth and glory breed selfishness in the hearts of men.”

He turned to his Youngest Son, who stood awaiting his turn.

“I, my father,” said the Young Prince, “bring my gift from the fairest land ever found.

“Its people are of rare virtue and kindness. This has been born, they told me, from the songs of an enchanted harp which they possessed.

“The harp belonged to a young maiden who had received it from her godmother. It has been said for years that whenever the harp was played, the wicked feelings of the people had passed away. Then their hearts



were filled only with love and thoughts of beautiful things. Its music inspires those who hear it to better things.

“When they heard of our need, they sent the enchanted harp to you. With the gold I gave them they will build gardens for their poor.”

The face of the old King shone with joy.

He stretched out his hands eagerly for the golden harp.

“Now, indeed, my sons,” he said, “have I the gift I sought. It is only when men are at peace and happy that they are truly good.”

Mother stopped speaking and smiled at Peter, who smiled back.

“I know,” he said. “We have something like that at school in one of our books. It says, ‘Make one person good—yourself—make other people happy.’ ”¹

There was a little noise from the corner. Baby Brother had dragged a few blocks over there and was building a bridge of his own.

Peter laughed. “It’s all right, Baby,” he said. “Just so you’re happy.”

¹ Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE STORY OF MORNING-GLORY

Long, long ago, when the world was young, a kind Spirit was sent down to take care of the birds and flowers. She told the birds how to build their nests and the flowers what colored dresses to put on. In the evening she came and put them all to sleep.

Now, in the garden, climbing along the wall, there was a pretty bell-shaped Flower that never wanted to go to sleep when the other flowers did.

“I would like to see,” she said to the kind Spirit, “what this night time that you talk about looks like.”

“It doesn’t look—at least not much,” the Spirit told her. “It’s mostly still and dark. It is the time for all things to rest. So close your pretty eyes and be a good flower.”

The Flower shut her blue eyes obediently.

But she did not go to sleep. The sun went down and the birds stopped singing. Still the little Flower did not sleep.

She heard curious noises and she felt something soft brush by her in the dark. Presently she opened her eyes and peered about.

How wonderful was this night time that she had never seen! Nothing to see or hear, indeed! Why, she had never in the daylight seen such wonderful sights or heard such delightful sounds!

Until nearly daybreak that naughty blue Flower climbed the wall and looked and listened. When at last she fell asleep, she slept so soundly that she forgot to wake up in the morning when the other flowers did.

When the kind Spirit came to the garden the next morning, the blue Flower was still asleep. The other flowers were all wide



awake. They were washing their faces in the dew. Then they swayed gaily to and fro. But still, against her soft leaves on the wall, their little sister slept.

“This is very strange,” said the Spirit. She woke the Flower up and asked her about it.

“Oh dear, sweet, kind, beautiful Spirit,” said the little Flower, “please let me sleep all day and stay awake all night. I would like it so much better—truly I would.”

And she told the Spirit how her eyes just wouldn’t stay shut the night before and of what she had seen and heard.

“There was a soft thing with wings that kept brushing against me and wouldn’t let me go to sleep.”

“That was the big night moth,” said the Spirit. She smiled as she looked at the eager face of the blue Flower.

“And there were twinkling lights that fluttered about,” said the Flower.

“They were the fireflies.”

“And all about there was singing—such jolly little songs!”

“Tree toads, perhaps, little Flower.”

“And up in the sky, sweet Spirit, were little goldy things that winked their eyes.”

“Dear child! Those were the stars!”

“I love them,” said the little Flower simply. “I love them all. I like them better than the day things. Please let me stay awake to see them.”

“I couldn’t do that, little blossom,” the Spirit said kindly. “You could not sleep in the daytime with the sunbeams dancing about you and the birds singing around you. Besides, you need the morning sunshine to help grow your vine and keep your pretty blue color.”

“But I’ll tell you what I will do. If you will promise to go to sleep earlier in the afternoon, I will waken you early in the morning, when I come to scatter the dew and help the spiders with their webs. Sometimes the stars are still out and always there are wonderful things to be seen. Will that do, little Flower?”

“Yes. And I will try never to be disobedient again,” said the blue Flower.

That is why, when you go out very early in the morning, you see the flower climbing the wall, wide awake.

“See the Morning-Glory,” the elder people will say. “Look how pretty it is now! Isn’t it queer that in the afternoon it always goes to sleep!”

But now that we know its story, it isn’t so queer after all. Is it?



LITTLE BLACK DOG

A Little Black Dog sat on the corner and shivered.

The day before a passing automobile had stopped and some one had opened the door of the car and hastily dropped Little Black Dog out. Little Dog sat there, hoping that the car might come back and take him home.

The car didn't come back and Little Dog waited, hungry and cold.

Oh! but it was cold! It grew so cold at last that every once in a while Little Dog had to get up and run down the street to keep from freezing. But he always came back to the corner and there he sat waiting.

Women came by with market baskets, boys and girls hurried past with skates slung over their shoulders. At last, scampering home from school, around the corner, came Little Boy.

Little Boy stopped and looked at Little Black Dog.

Little Dog looked up and his eyes, between his long, drooping ears, were big and brown and sad.

"Whose dog are you?" asked Little Boy, leaning down to feel for a collar.

But there was no collar.

Little Boy's hand stayed on Little Dog's head. He stroked it softly.

Thump, thump, thump, went Little Dog's tail on the pavement.

"Oh dear," said Little Boy to himself.

He got up and walked away slowly. In a minute he looked back.

Little Black Dog was following him.

Little Boy started to run. Little Dog ran too. By the time Little Boy reached home Little Dog was there too.

Thump, thump, thump!

"Mother!" shouted Little Boy. "Look what I found!"

"O Little Boy, that is somebody's dog! You *mustn't* teach dogs to follow you," said Mother.

"He hasn't any collar, Mother, and I didn't teach him—he just came. I don't believe he *has* any home. He's lost."

“Well, you’d better come in now, dear. It’s cold,” said Mother.

“He’s cold, too, Mother. He’s shivering! Let me bring him in—just till he gets warm.”

“Now, Little Boy,” said Mother firmly, “you know if you bring him in, he will expect to stay. Besides he’s dirty and likely full of germs and—”

“I’ll wash him, Mother. I haven’t any lessons to get. He wants to come. Oh, look at him! Hasn’t he the cunningest face!”

Thump, thump, thump!

“Well,” said Mother slowly, “you might bring him in and give him some water. Everything’s frozen; he may need a drink.”

“And a cracker,” begged Little Boy.

“Well, a cracker, then.”

Little Black Dog was on the doorstep. When Little Boy held open the door, in he came. Oh, how warm it was inside!

Thump, thump, thump!

“He is a cunning thing,” said Mother.

A few minutes later she glanced out into the kitchen. Little Boy sat on the floor beside Little Black Dog. He was feeding the dog crackers with one hand and the other hand was patting the dog’s head.

“I’ve always wanted a little black dog like this. Couldn’t I keep him just to-night and see if anybody advertises for him?”

“But he’s so dirty, Little Boy.”

“I’ll wash him. He’ll like it the way I’ll do it, Mother, with warm water and I won’t get soap in his eyes! Please, Mother!”

Thump, thump, thump!

“Well—” began Mother.

Little Boy had Little Black Dog already in his arms and was carrying him to the basement. There was a sound of running water and a voice talking softly, lovingly. Then

there was a sound of scrubbing and splashing and then a quick exclamation.

“Mother! Mother! come here!”

Mother ran to the basement stairs.

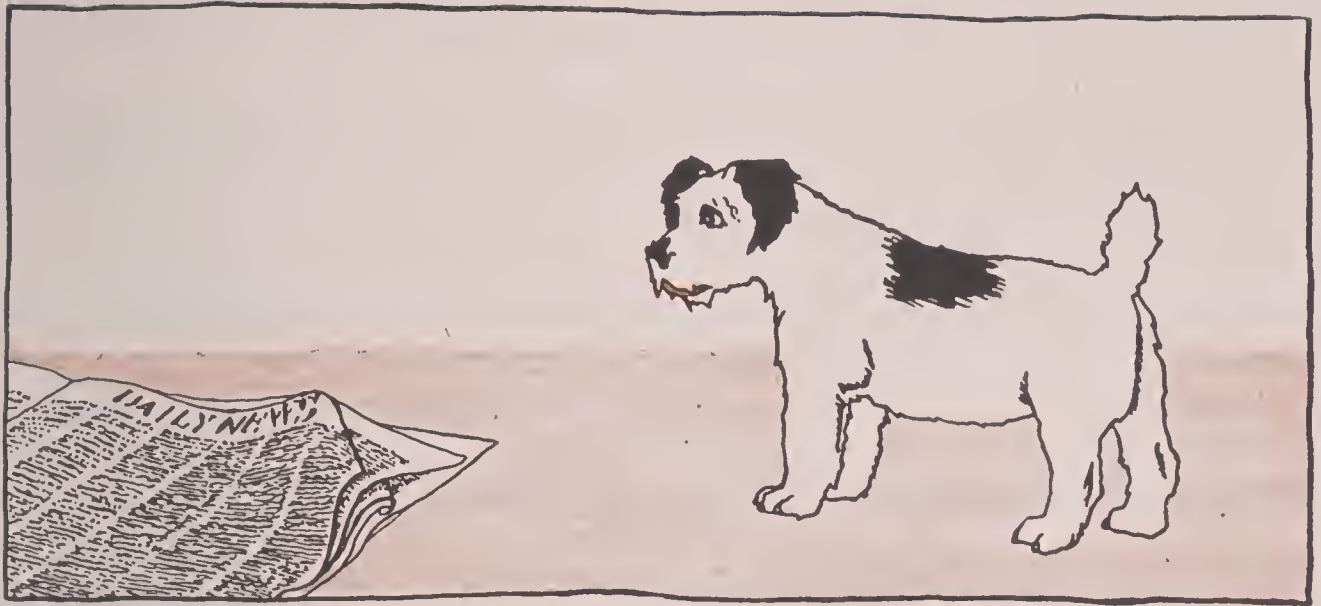
“Mother! he isn’t black at all—he’s white!” shouted Little Boy.

How Mother laughed! She ran down with towels. And sure enough—out from his bath came Little Dog, white as could be, except for silky black ears and a spot on his back.

“It’s lucky you washed him,” laughed Mother, “before you looked in the advertisements to-night. You would have looked only for: ‘Lost—A Little Black Dog!’”

That evening when the paper came, Little Boy and Little Dog, sitting close together on the floor, looked it over fearfully. There was nothing in it about a little lost dog.

“There isn’t any!” sang Little Boy.



“We’ll see Daddy about it,” said Mother. Daddy said just two things.

“Picked up a dog, did you? Come here, sir, let’s look at you.” Little Dog came.

Daddy pulled his ears; he lifted his head.

“That’s a good dog, that is! Keep him—every boy ought to have a dog.”

Little Boy leaned down. He could not speak, he could hardly breathe—he could only pat, pat, pat.

“Thump, thump, thump!” answered Little Black Dog.

THE BLUE RABBIT

Once upon a time there was a Blue Rabbit. No one knew how he happened to be a *blue* rabbit. It might have been because he was an Easter rabbit. It might have been because Mother Nature was hurried.

Mother Nature wished to have an early spring that year. Just as she thought everything ready, Mother Nature found she had her colors mixed up. The *blue* sky was red, the *green* meadow yellow, and a *brown* rabbit *blue*.

There he was, pink-nosed and perky, sitting under the sycamore tree, a Blue Rabbit.

His mother was delighted. She thought he was the prettiest child she had ever had. All the other little bunnies took one look at him and then went home to their mothers and wept quarts and quarts of tears because they were such a common color.

But Blue Rabbit was an agreeable little fellow. He rubbed noses with the other baby bunnies in such a friendly manner that presently they forgot that they were brown and he was blue.

Day after day these bunnies would dart through the woods together. They would nibble at the grass and the berries. They would sniff the fragrant green growing things. And they would lay back their long ears to listen to all that was being said in the woods about them.

When the sun dropped behind the trees, all the bunnies would hop back to the hollow under the blackberry bushes. Here lived Granny Long-Ears, who told them stories that only the older rabbits knew. And every night before she sent them home to bed, Granny ended her stories with this little rhyme:

“Every little rabbit must look
where he runs,
And you’d better get to cover
when the hunt man comes.”

When she said “the hunt man,” all the little bunnies shivered, and the Blue Rabbit, in a corner of his own, shivered most of all.

“Granny,” he asked at last one evening, “what about a blue rabbit? Leaves and trees and grass are all right to hide *brown* bunnies, but what about a *blue* bunny?”

“Goodness me, child, that’s so,” said Granny Long-Ears. “I declare I never once thought of that! Dear me, dear me!”

All the other little rabbits looked very solemn. They began to think it wasn’t so fine after all to be a blue rabbit.

“Listen,” whispered one of the brown rabbits. “Yesterday some children came into the woods and I heard one of them say,



‘Wouldn’t it be fun if we could find a rabbit or something to take home with us?’ I just know if they ever had a glimpse of a *blue* rabbit, they’d never give up until they had caught it.”

“O-o-oh! Whatever shall I do?” cried poor little Blue Rabbit. “Can’t some one think of a way to help me?”

“You might try rolling on the ground,” said one little cousin. “You could roll and roll and roll until you were dirt color.” So the very next morning Blue Rabbit started rolling. He rolled and he rolled and he rolled. But, as fast as he rolled the dirt in on one side, just so fast did it roll off the other.

“That won’t do! Won’t do! Won’t do!” cried all the little rabbits who were sitting around in a circle watching him.

Blue Rabbit shook himself sadly. And he sniffed the air with his little nose in a most discouraged fashion.

“Perhaps if you sat out in the field in the hot sun it might brown you,” said Humpty Dee, who was Blue Rabbit’s best friend. “Yes, I believe it *would*,” he added.

So out to the open field went the poor blue bunny. He sat under the hot summer

sun all day long, but when he came back to the wood that night he was as blue as ever.

It was then that Granny Long-Ears said the most amazing thing.

“I don’t believe you’re an earth rabbit at all!” she said. “I believe you’re a *sky* rabbit! Look up there! If that isn’t your natural color, I’d like to know it.”

She pointed to the deep blue sky, above the clouds lying low in the west. “Somebody has made a mistake, that’s all. Now the thing is to get Blue Rabbit back where he belongs. But how?”

“I don’t want Blue Rabbit to go away,” said Humpty Dee.

“What *do* you want then, child?” Granny Long-Ears asked, severely. “Do you want some old hunter man to come along and shoot Blue Rabbit dead—bing-bang! just like that?”

“No, no!” sobbed Humpty Dee.

“Then you just run along, all of you,” said Granny Long-Ears, “and make it known that Blue Rabbit is to go back to the sky.”

It didn’t take long to spread news in the wood. Soon all the bees were buzzing it, and all the birds were chirping it, and all the squirrels were chattering it. But none of them could see how it was to be done. Here was a blue rabbit and there a blue sky, but how could they be brought together?

“One of those queer things called airplanes might take him up,” said Wise Owl, blinking out from her hole in the tree. “I often see those fliers shooting clear beyond the clouds when you rabbits think I’m not seeing anything. But the trouble is, they never stop long enough to let any one out up there. They just shoot right back to earth in a hurry.”

“I wonder,” trilled Wood Thrush happily. “Don’t you suppose Mr. Hawk would do it? Let us ask him.”

But Mr. Hawk, who never was very pleasant, was quite peevish about this.

“You really expect too much of me,” he said. “It isn’t fair. You know there isn’t a bird alive who ever yet has reached those distant skies.”

“Of course not, of *course* not,” all the little animals agreed quickly, for they did not wish to have Mr. Hawk displeased with them.

“Of course *what*? of course nothing!” teased a merry voice. And East Wind came billowing toward them. He had found out from the squirrels what all the trouble was about.

“Why didn’t you call *me* before?” he said. “I can take care of Blue Rabbit. Wait! I

shall be back soon.” Then away he whisked himself.

In less time than it takes to tell it he was back again. On either side of him were North Wind and South Wind. They caught Blue Rabbit up in a swaying cradle of air and carried him higher and higher and higher. They swung him at last, gently and safely, right into the soft, low clouds of the sunset.

BLUE RABBIT IN SKY LAND

Blue Rabbit hardly knew what had happened to him. He sat quite still on his haunches, looking about him.

“Dear, dear!” he said at last. “I would better get away from here, or before I know it I may turn to a brand new color. It’s bad enough to be a blue rabbit, but think of being a pink or an orange rabbit!” He shivered at the thought.

Blue Rabbit almost flew across the soft blue meadows of the heavens. How cool and wide and safe it seemed! The little rabbit felt happy and unafraid, but he was very tired after his swift journey. He sat down to rest, but soon was fast asleep within the folds of a downy blue sky.

When he awoke the sun fairies were dancing all about him.

“Who are you? Who are you?” they cried.

Blue Rabbit told them.

“Oh, how sweet, how sweet!” sang the gay little voices. “We will take care of you. We will like you. You will be our little brother.”

Still dancing, the sun fairies bent and kissed Blue Rabbit. He stretched himself to follow them, but they were already away, gliding down a pretty sunbeam.

“Oh yum, how did you come?” drawled a laughing voice near by, and the rabbit looked up to see the jolly face of the Man in the Moon.

“Oh yum, how did you come?” he asked again.

Blue Rabbit told his story once again.

“Hm! afraid, were you? Hm! well, it isn’t good to be afraid—not good at all. Everybody is afraid of something down there on earth, aren’t they? Afraid it’s going to rain!

Afraid it's not going to rain! Afraid they'll catch something! Afraid something will catch them!

“Hm! well, run along, little one. Nothing's going to harm you up here. There are no hunters here except Orion and he's quite harmless nowadays.

“Oh yum! I'm so glum,
Sailing around all night;
Think I'd better take a nap
Before my eyes grow tight.”

Blue Rabbit laughed. He thought the Man in the Moon a funny fellow. But the Man in the Moon seemed so sleepy that the polite little bunny thought he would better leave him. He hopped out into the blue meadows. All day long he ran about, seeing many things that were new to him.

Sometimes he stopped to play with the gentle lambkins who lived on the sloping



cloud hills. Hopping merrily down a hill, one day, he almost ran into a mighty figure that stood looking at him in astonishment. It was Orion, the great hunter, with his dog Sirius.

The little bunny was scared. He scurried backward and sideways, looking for a place

to hide. But the hunter called to him in a friendly voice.

“Come back! we will not hurt you. I do not kill anything any more. I have learned better up here. Come back! we like you, Sirius and I. We will tell you stories.”

Blue Rabbit came back. He had noticed that the lambs were not at all afraid of the hunter or his dog, and he was already missing Granny Long-Ears’ fine stories.

Granny had never told stories so wonderful as Orion had to tell! The little rabbit sat with his ears laid back wide and listened, as Orion told one story after another. The great hunter was just finishing the tale of *The Biggest Dragon* when—

“What! what! what!” exclaimed a hundred little voices close by.

The hunter stopped to smile.

“It’s those raindrops again!” he said.

“You never can tell when they’re going to arrive.”

“On with your story, Orion, please,” laughed the raindrops, settling themselves near Blue Rabbit and trying to sit still.

“Now, we’ll tell one,” they tinkled in a chorus, as Orion finished.

“One? You mean you’ll tell a dozen!” said Orion. Then turning to Blue Rabbit, he added, “They’re dreadful chatter-boxes. They begin, as soon as they get here, to tell us stories about the earth. And as soon as they go back, they begin to tell the earth people stories about the sky.”

“So we do,” said the raindrops. “We’ll tell you a story about the ocean, Blue Rabbit.”

“No, about the big river!” said one raindrop.

“No, about the little brook!” cried another.

“You’ll tell about nothing at all,” cried the sun fairies, coming up and tumbling into the midst of the raindrops. “No more stories now. A good run is what you need.”

The sun fairies chased the raindrops across the sky. But not for long. In turn, the raindrops chased the sun fairies back again. And people down on the earth said, “Oh, what queer weather we are having! One minute it looks like rain and the next minute the sun is shining. What queer weather!”

Blue Rabbit, not caring about weather, thought it was all great fun. He went to sleep that night still hearing the raindrops murmuring and the stars singing and swinging about him.

Everything was friendly toward the little earth animal who had come to visit the sky. Day after day little Blue Rabbit roamed

about of his own free will. There was nothing to do but enjoy himself—nothing to fear but his own shadow. Yet the blue bunny was not happy. He missed the soft, furry bodies that used to lie huddled close to his. He missed the funny, wrinkly noses that used to rub against his own. He missed, oh, how he missed, little Humpty Dee, his friend. For alas, Granny Long-Ears had been wrong. There was not in all Sky Land another rabbit!

Orion, one day, saw tears in Blue Rabbit's eyes.

“Lonesome, are you?” he said.

Blue Rabbit nodded. “I miss the other bunnies,” he said.

“Want to go back?” asked the hunter.

Blue Rabbit nodded again.

“I shall let it be known, then,” said Orion. He raised his hunter's horn and called:

“Let it be known! Let it be known! Blue Rabbit wishes to return to earth.”

“Why—why!” the sun fairies tumbled about in surprise. “We’ll take you, Blue Rabbit. We were just going down anyhow; we’ll carry you along.”

They gathered about him. But, dear me! sun fairies never stand still long enough to pick up anything, let alone a fat little bunny. And although a great number of them tried, they could not stop their flitting long enough to lay hold of even Blue Rabbit’s big ears.

“We’ll take you,” said the raindrops.

“We were just going down, too. Our cloud can carry you most of the way and you can drop the rest.”

“And the people in the valley will say, ‘Look, it’s raining rabbits!’ Ho, ho, ho!” laughed the Man in the Moon.

“Well,” said Orion, a little stiffly, “what would *you* suggest?”

“Suggest—suggest? I don’t know what you mean by *suggest*,” said the Man in the Moon. “But if you would like to know what I’d *do*—I’d go ask the sun,” he said to Blue Rabbit.

So Blue Rabbit went to the sun—not too close and a little timidly. But the great sun looked upon him kindly.

“You wish to go back, do you?” he said. “Well, that’s easy, little one, especially as the sunbeams and the raindrops both will help. Let the raindrops fall and let the sunbeams shine right through them and that will make a rainbow.”

“A rainbow!” faltered Blue Rabbit.

“You can slide down it,” said the sun.

And presently it happened that all the people on earth were saying, “Oh, what a

beautiful rainbow!” But the little animals in the woods, who could never see a rainbow because of the tops of the trees, were all saying, “Look, oh, *look!* Here is our Blue Rabbit come back again!”

They ran to greet him. They came close to him and rubbed their noses against his. Blue Rabbit ran to his mother. She drew him close to her soft brown body and folded her long ears about his little head.

All of a sudden there was a stir in the blackberry bushes. “Granny! Granny!” shouted Humpty Dee. “Blue Rabbit has come back again!”

The old lady rabbit hobbled out from her hole. She went right to the sycamore tree and looked Blue Rabbit over carefully.

“You’re just as blue as ever,” she said.

“I thought he was just a little darker,” said Blue Rabbit’s mother.

“Not the least trifle,” repeated Granny Long-Ears firmly.

“Well, it doesn’t matter,” said Blue Rabbit.

“Doesn’t matter! Doesn’t it matter?” asked Humpty Dee anxiously.

“No,” Blue Rabbit answered cheerfully. “One thing I learned in Sky Land was never to be afraid. It isn’t good,” he repeated, remembering the words of the Man in the Moon. “It isn’t good to be afraid—not good at all.”

“Let’s scamper, then,” cried the little bunnies joyfully.

Blue Rabbit ran through the woods with them. He felt the soft, fragrant pine needles beneath his feet. He lifted his head and sniffed—oh, how sweet was the smell of green leaves and warm earth after the rain!

As the bunnies scampered back toward home, they heard Mother Rabbit calling, “Blueberry buns, blueberry buns!”

“Blueberry buns!” echoed all the little rabbits.

“I shall have to sing a new song,” said old Granny Long-Ears. And she sang:

“Every little rabbit—

Every little rabbit—

Every little rabbit must look where he runs.

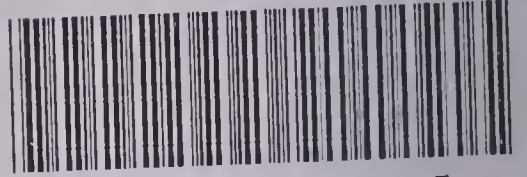
And you better come a-scooting when we’ve
blueberry buns!”

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